PENTHEUS *(not listening to him).*

In my right hand
Is it, or thus, that I should bear the wand,
To be most like to them ?

DIONYSUS.

Up let it swing
In the right hand, timed with the right foot's spring. . . .
'Tis well thy heart is changed !

PENTHEUS *(more wildly).*

What strength is this !
Kithaeron's steeps and all that in them is—
How say'st thou ?—Could my shoulders lift the whole

DIONYSUS.

Surely them canst, and if thou wilt! Thy soul,
Being once so sick, now stands as it should stand.

PENTHEUS.

Shall it be bars of iron ? Or this bare hand
And shoulder to the crags, to wrench them down ?

DIONYSUS.

Wouldst wreck the Nymphs' wild temples, and the brown
Rocks, where Pan pipes at noonday J

PENTHEUS.

Nay ; not 11
Force is not well with women* 1 will lie
Hid in the pine-brake.